II.

I in Eden's bloomy bowers
Was the heav'nly gardner's pride,
Sweet of ſweets, and flow'r of flowers,
With the ſcented tinctures dy'd.

III.

Hear, ye little children, hear me,
I am God's delightful voice;
They who ſweetly ſtill revere me,
Still ſhall make the wiſeſt choice.

IV.

Hear me not like Adam trembling,
When I walk'd in Eden's grove;
And the hoſt of heav'n aſſembling,
From the ſpot the traitor drove.

V.

Hear me rather as the lover
Of mankind, reſtor'd and free;
By the word ye ſhall recover
More than that ye loſt by Me.

I'm

VI.

I'm the Phœnix of the ſingers,
That in upper Eden dwell;
Hearing me Euphrates lingers,
As my wondrous tale I tell.

VII.

'Tis the ſtory of the Graces,
Mercies without end or ſum;
And the ſketches and the traces
Of ten thouſand more to come.

VIII.

Liſt, my children, liſt within you,
Dread not ye the tempter's rod;
Chriſt our gratitude ſhall win you,
Wean'd from earth, and led to God.